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Original Communications.

THE RHINE.

Englishmen were long since said to be in a manner "native to the Rhine." The attraction of this celebrated river has not abated in the present year. Possibly the great publicity gained by Victor Hugo's animated pictures has called attention more generally to its beauties. A letter just received from a correspondent who has passed from Rotterdam to Manheim, describes the English travellers to be numerous, and most enthusiastic in their admiration of the noble varieties which charm the tourist as he advances. Such is the gratification experienced from the exquisite views which it affords, that he and all his fellow-passengers on board the 'Nederlander,' with a refined greediness, dined on the deck as they proceeded, that not a moment might be lost for gazing on the glorious scenery around.

But it is not only the charms of nature that gratify the wanderer, the grand historical reminiscences bound up with the history of the cities found on the banks of the Rhine inspire additional interest. Some of these will be noticed in future numbers, but for the present we are anxious to call attention to one of the poets of the Rhine. The admirable poem from a Dutch votary of the muses, quoted last week, was not more affecting than that we are about to transcribe. It is from the pen of Borger, who died about twenty years ago. But little of him is known. Enough, however, of his biography is given in the elegant verses which follow, to prove that his career was a melancholy one, and that the "cup of bitterness was filled for him to overflowing." His ode "To the Rhine," while it celebrates the admired features of this ancient stream, gives a deeply affecting picture of the heart-broken bard, "who could his hairs well number but not his tears."

Few will be able to read the poem without emotion. It goes far to negative the assertion of Tickell, that—

"Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart."

We know not which is more exquisite—more rich in unaffected sensibility, the lament for the wife, or that breathed over the tomb of the daughter. Nothing can surpass them in tenderness.

TO THE RHINE.

"In the Borean regions stormy
There's silence—battling hail and rain
Are hush'd. The calm Rhine rolls before me,
Unfettered from its winter chain.
Its streams their ancient channels water,
And thousand joyous peasants bring
The flowery offerings of the spring
To thee, Mount Gothard's princely daughter!
Monarch of streams, from Alpine brow,
Who rushing, whelm'st with inundations,
Or, sovereign-like, divid'st the nations;
Lawgiver all-imperial, thou!

I have had days, like thine, unclouded—
Days passed upon thy pleasant shore;
My heart sprung up in joy unshrouded,
Alas! it springs to joy no more.
My fields of green, my humble dwelling,
Which love made beautiful and bright,
To me—to her—my soul's delight,
Seem'd monarch's palaces excelling,
When in our little happy bower
Or 'neath the starry vault at even,
We walked in love, and talked of Heaven,
And pour'd forth praises for our dower.

But now—I could my hairs well number,
But not the tears my eyes which wet:
The Rhine will to their cradle-slumber
Roll back its waves, ere I forget—
Forget the blow that twice hath riven
The crown of glory from my head.
God! I have trusted—duty-led,
'Gainst all rebellious thoughts have striven,
And strive—and call thee Father,—still
Say all thy will is wisest, kindest—
Yet—twice—the burthen that thou bindest
Is heavy—I obey thy will!

At Katwyk, where the silenced billow
Thee welcomes, Rhine, to her own breast,
There, with the damp sand for her pillow,
I laid my treasure in its rest.
My tears shall with thy waters blend them,
Receive those briny tears from me,
And when exhaled from the vast sea,
To her own grave in dew-drops send them—
A heavenly fall of love for her.
Old Rhine! thy waves 'gainst sorrow steel them.
O no! man's miseries—thou can'st feel them,—
Then be my grief's interpreter.

And greet the babe, which earth's green bosom
Had but received, when she who bore
That lovely undeveloped blossom
Was struck by death—the bud—the flower.
I forced my daughter's tomb—her mother
Bade me—and laid the slumbering child
Upon that bosom undefiled.
Where—where could I have found another
So dear—so pure? 'Twas wrong to mourn,
When those so loving slept delighted.
Should I divide what God united?
I laid them in a common urn.

There are who call this earth a palace
Of Eden, who on roses go—
I would not drink again life's chalice,
Nor tread again its paths of woe.
I joy at day's decline—the morrow
Is welcome. In its fearful flight
I count and count with calm delight
My five-and-thirty years of sorrow
Accomplished. Like this river, years
Roll. Press, ye tombstones, my departed
Lightly, and o'er the broken-hearted
Fling your cold shield, and veil his tears."

Many desperate struggles have been witnessed on the banks of this river. The Rhine was crossed in 1672 by the French army. Louis XIV was almost deified for it by the Parisians, such wonders being reported to have been performed by his Majesty, who, after all, modern French historians declare, was not "present." In a letter to his queen, Louis the Great gives the following account of the operation:—

"I commanded the Count de Guiche to discover a part of the river over against a place called Tolhuys, which upon trial he found to be fordable. I planted two batteries upon the bank of the river to play upon them that should open to oppose the horse I intended to send over on the right and left of the batteries, while I was making a bridge of boats in the meantime to pass over the foot upon. On the information brought me by the Count de Guiche, I commanded 2,000 horse of the left wing to pass the river under the command of the said count, at the Ford which he had discovered. The regiment of Cuirassiers was to move first; of which ten or twelve commanded men were to swim over, some by fording it, and some by swimming; they espied three squadrons advancing towards them from behind the hedges and willows, and were at first briskly charged by the first squadron, they drawing back some few steps in the river, till those that had followed to second them could come up, made their way afterwards so bravely and resolutely, that the second and third squadrons, with the fright of it, discharged at random in the air and ran. The first, which hitherto had set a good face upon it, gave back as well as the others, to which the constant fire of our cannon did not a little contribute, and now the rest of the army were all passing over at the Ford, one party of them advanced towards the enemy under the command of the Count de Guiche, and the rest stood in Battalia, on the bank of the river.

"This act was attended with all the success and glory we could desire, having lost very few horses in the passage, Nogent being the only person of note that was drowned. But afterwards, as ill fortune would have it, the prince (Condé) to whom I had sent not to pass the river, was already gone, before my order reached him, in a small boat to see what men we should put into the castle of Tolhuys, and to inform himself better of what passed on the other side of the water, so that not knowing anything of my design, and seeing the Prince of Condé and Duke de Longueville advance upon this spot toward a barricade where the three squadrons I mentioned before had joined themselves

with some other horse and foot, he made all the haste he could thither, and was followed by several others, who now began to keep no measures after such an exploit.

"At first the prince and those other gentlemen astonished the enemy with their threats and their fires, and besides this, Count de Guiche, supporting them in the rear with some squadrons, had pressed them so close that they put themselves in a posture of yielding, on condition that they might have fair quarter; but Monsieur de Longueville having passed the barricade, and crying 'Kill, kill,—no quarter,' and as some say, having discharged a pistol upon them, out of pure desperation they made one volley more, in which the Prince of Condé had the bone of his left wrist broke, and MM. de Longueville and Guitry were killed on the spot."

The most gratifying part of this royal statement is the fact given that the heartless duke, who wished to kill an enemy who offered to ground their arms, paid for his folly and cruelty with his life.

A WEEK AT HAMPTON COURT.

Letter I.

Few localities, if any, in the kingdom, present such remarkable public features as Hampton Court and its vicinity—the well-known resort of royalty, nobility, the middling and lower classes of society, the last generally "making a day of it" to recreate themselves amongst the pleasant and cultivated scenes of the gardens and Bushy park, where they are allowed to roam quite at ease, forming pic-nic parties—promenading in the gardens and picture galleries, threading the labyrinth, or those who are so inclined, retiring to the yews and hawthorns with

"Seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

It is only, however, the sojourner or the inhabitant of Hampton Court who can be aware of the contrasts which the daily crowds in the summer season present. The mere visitor would draw a wrong conclusion in supposing there is no retirement here; on the contrary, the distance from London compels a moderately early departure of the crowds; and those parts which at six o'clock in the evening were full of the busy hum of life and enjoyment, are, at sun-set, positive solitudes. Then do the aristocratical inhabitants of the palace (who enjoy this residence under the Crown, and without payment) emerge from their mahogany-panelled apartments to trip over the grassy lawns, and inhale the refreshing breezes from the Thames. On certain days, "weather permitting," a military band adds to the evening enjoyments, and there are few more picturesque and agreeable scenes than these evenings present both to the eye and ear of the visitor.

To those who are not acquainted with the history of Hampton Court and Palace, it may be interesting to state that Wolsey, the Cardinal, who was in mind and ambition far greater than the king his master, obtained a lease of the whole manor of Hampton (whilst yet an archbishop) from the prior and brethren of the Monastery of St John of Jerusalem, near Smithfield, for ninety-nine years, at a rent of 50*l.* a year, with liberty to cut so much timber as was necessary for the repair of the wears on the river Thames, from St John's wood, which then belonged to the said monastery, though it would now be in vain to look for a "wood," or any traces of it, amongst the villas and streets to the north of Paddington. This lease was granted to Thomas Wulcy, at "a chapitur holden in oure house of seynt Johns of Clarkenwell, beside London, the 11th day of Januraie, in the yere of our Lord God a thousand five hundreth and fourteene" (1514).

The palace and gardens have, properly speaking, two approaches; one opposite the road from Hampton, coming towards London, the other by the celebrated avenue and road of Bushy park, the present residence of the Queen Dowager. By the first of these approaches you enter the old part of the palace—the quadrangles—scarcely altered from what they were in Wolsey's time. By the latter the visitor is conducted to the gardens and the modern palace of red brick, built by William the Third, "who made the palace what it now is, and laid out the gardens and parks in their present form." For further details of the history of this celebrated spot, which has been the abode of a succession of royal personages down to George the Second and his Queen Caroline, the visitor may do well to consult an excellent 'Stranger's Guide,' by Mr John Grundy, who has the care of the Gallery of Pictures numbering upwards of one thousand.

But why is that group of persons lingering about No. 55? It is the reclining Venus of Titian! The young are afraid to look—the old prefer not to be seen looking, and content themselves with a glance—none can pass without it. Some may question the propriety of placing such a picture in a public gallery, but being a royal picture, we will leave it with the royal motto—"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

A few words may not be thrown away on some of the paintings, the portraits especially, bringing before us, as they do, the personages of "other times" in all the freshness and vigour of their own days. The large pictures speak for themselves, and will be viewed and appreciated according to the inclinations and tastes of the visitor. In this choice we follow the example of the

author of the 'Diary of an Invalid,'—noticing the plums, and leaving others to discuss the pudding.

No. 56, 'De Bray and his Family,' painted by himself, in the characters of Antony, Cleopatra, &c.—A painting full of life.

No. 118, 'Venus and Cupid,' by Rubens.—Notice the flesh; can flesh itself be more natural?

No. 165, 'Joseph and Potiphar's Wife.'—An especial favourite, and finely painted by a lady.

No. 220, 'A Sybil.'—A charming picture, by the same lady.

No. 78 is the 'Lady' herself, and her own performance.

No. 249, 'Still Life.'—In this beautiful composition there is a brass pan which certainly cannot be mistaken for any other metal.

No. 313, 'The Jester of King Henry the Eighth,' by Holbein, considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of this master, and in the collection it is without price. To fully appreciate the expression of this picture, look upon it a second time, after you have contemplated a more sombre portrait, such as that of Henry the Eighth (who was no jester) adjoining, No. 315.

No. 375, 'The Woman taken in Adultery.'—What charming, small figures, and how admirably grouped. The distinctness of each figure is remarkable.

Nos. 380 and 381, by Deuner, who was the painter, *par excellence*, of old men. Notice the moisture in the eye of the latter picture, not that it is in all respects faultless, but it has an expression about it which must have been painted from the life.

Nos. 388, 349, 308, and 435, are all by first masters, and have distinct and peculiar merits.

No. 499.—The head and hands of Peter are exquisite.

No. 853 is a portrait by Mierevelt, the only one by this author in the collection. His chief characteristics were a remarkable smoothness of style, and his paintings are on wood.

No. 597 shows how a glass of wine was poured out in the olden time.

No. 750.—Those who have read the 'Diary of Madame d'Arblay' (Fanny Burney), and few have not, will be interested in this painting of the luscious grape, by Campidoglio. It was presented by Mrs Delaney, together with her own portrait (No. 868), to George III, and we scarcely know which to admire most—the happy complacency of countenance of the old lady, or her tempting present, which no king could refuse to accept.

No. 863, 'Fair Rosamond,' is a melancholy picture, and the position of the body not easily to be accounted for, unless the moment is supposed to be that when she decided to take the veil.

Nos. 871 and 872, 'Mary de Medicis' (the former) has a remarkable head-dress; 'Henry IV' (the latter) an admirable painting.

No. 908. Decidedly the finest female face in the gallery, but of her history nothing is stated.

No. 910.—This celebrated woman ('Madame de Pompadour'), the governor of Louis XV, died at 44. The picture will be admired for the exquisite mode in which the blonde lace of the cap is painted. The beauty of the portrait is of a more equivocal character.

The next attraction within the walls of the palace is the ancient dining-hall and drawing-room of Wolsey; in the latter is an oil painting of him in profile. It is said the Cardinal had but one eye, and on that account never had his portrait painted a full face.

The promenade of the gardens is a privilege granted to the public at all times, the only restriction being that you shall not destroy the plants and flowers. An intimation to this effect is delicately and even classically conveyed—"It is expected that the public will protect what is intended for public enjoyment." The proximity of the Thames to Hampton Court adds considerably to its attractions, for although the avocation of the "jolly young watermen" are now beginning to be interfered with by steam so high as Hampton bridge, the winding reaches of the river are constantly visited by amateurs in rowing and angling, and for the mere pleasure of the *promenade à l'eau*. All the inhabitants of the banks are followers of Isaak Walton, and the conversation in visits is sure to turn upon this science—the use of the "fly" for trout, the gudgeons for perch, and the "gentles" for gudgeons themselves. If angling, followed as a daily amusement, be a waste of time (and we incline to think it so), it is generally held to be at least an innocent one. Some oppose it on the score of cruelty—but where is the cruelty of hooking a fish, who, had he not fallen into such a mistake, might the next minute have been swallowed by the pike, or would have unceremoniously gorged one of his finny neighbours. On this subject, also, what says the biographer of the good Sir Roger de Coverley—he whose nature is represented as overflowing with the "milk of human kindness." "I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair."

We now turn from the contemplation of these lively scenes to what is always an

interesting subject to us—the churches of the neighbourhood. There is a chapel within the palace, and always well attended. Do not mistake a sham painted window on the left side of the altar for a real one.

At Hampton, one mile distant, is the parish church, which the Dowager Queen and her household always attend when residing at Bushy. The monuments are of a courtly character, as the following specimen shows.

"Here lyeth the body of Edwarde Pigeon, Esquire, yeoman of the Jewel House to King Henry VIII, and by whose special command he attended him at Boloigne, and continued in that office under King Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, who made him also clerk of her robes and wardrobes.

"Nickolas Pigeon, sonne of the said Edwarde, succeeded his father in both of the said offices, and after he had faithfully served Elizabeth and James above forty years, he departed this life the 1st March, 1619, was buried near unto his father, and left issue Hugh Pigeon and Alice."

LIFE OF OEHLENSCHLAGER, THE DANISH POET.

(Continued from last week.)

THERE was no longer any pretext for evading his studies, and Oehlenschläger now began to flatter himself that he was really making some progress in law. Still he continued to attend to private theatricals and literary clubs, at which he became acquainted with several persons, all eminent in different ways, and most of them not less distinguished for their peculiarities of character, than for their genius or learning. Such were Pram the poet, clever and vain, with a literary short-sightedness which could see no merit beyond the range of its own microscopic views,—who used to maintain that 'Wallenstein' was one of those pieces which any non-commissioned officer in a marching regiment might write to order in twenty-four hours, if required; Hieronymus Meister, also a poet, and a determined wag, who knowing Oehlenschläger's old inclination to the marvellous, used to practise on his feelings by sitting down to read to him some pretended romance of his own composition, and when, by a few artful and mysterious paragraphs, he had roused his curiosity, suddenly breaking forth with the abruptness of the historian of the 'Bear and Fiddle;' Steffens, then young and enthusiastic, since distinguished by his ability and eloquence in many departments of literature; and above all other oddities, the savage, dirty, old antiquarian Arndt, a German Ritson, who seemed to consider all Europe as an extensive library or museum, and kept moving incessantly from one end of it to the other, lodging everywhere without ceremony or invitation, invariably abusing his host, and carrying his masses of manuscripts in his voluminous Peter Schlemihl-pockets, or burying them when they became too bulky, in different parts of Europe, in some corner of those ancient ruins among the mouldering remains of which he lived, moved, and had his being. From this "unwashed artificer," who presented himself one day like a spectre, Oehlenschläger derived important assistance in the study of 'Northern Antiquities;' Alf's, Frithiof's, and Vilent's Sagas he perused with attention, and guided by this strange pioneer, whose acquaintance with the past was only equalled by his ignorance of the present, he thoroughly imbued himself with the inmost spirit of the remote and picturesque antiquity, to which his researches had been devoted.

The first fruits of his new studies appeared in a small Collection of Poems, which he published in 1803, containing several Danish ballads, somewhat modernized, in *ottava rima*, and a dramatic lyrical sketch, entitled 'St Johannes Abend spiel,' a piece somewhat in the taste of Goethe's 'Fastnacht-spiel,' though at the same time not without claims to originality, for many of the gay scenes it contains were recollections from the poet's own gaieties in the Thiergarten. This collection was shortly afterwards followed by 'Freia's Altar,' a satirical comic opera, which from its literary allusions produced a considerable sensation—and by 'Vaulundur's Saga,' modernized from a fable in the Edda.

Hitherto Oehlenschläger had done but little to justify the bold assertion, with which he had one evening astonished his companions at a symposium of the club, that he would yet rescue Danish poetry from the lethargy into which it had sunk since the days of Ewald. No sooner had he uttered this sally than he shrunk back into his seat, terrified at his own assurance; and yet, startling as the prophecy might seem, coming from such a quarter, many of those who heard it lived to see it fulfilled. By a series of Dramatic Poems, chiefly, though not exclusively, on national subjects, he has rendered the Danish Drama an object of European interest, and placed it in a far more imposing position than it ever occupied under Ewald.

His first drama was anything but northern in its character. It was a successful attempt to give a dramatic form and colouring to one of those tales of the east which are the delight of our childish days; and which still, in the hands of a true poet, exercise something of their old fascination upon maturer minds. Every highway and byeway in fairy-land; every "dingle and alley green" in that wild wood,

had Oehlenschläger traversed in his childhood. Many a pilgrimage had he made from Friedricksberg through the snow to procure a supply of its wonders for winter quarters; and having once garrisoned the old palace in this way, he cared little for the imprisonment of storms from without.

In his dedication of 'Aladdin' to Goethe, he thus pictures the influences under which he acted:—

"Born in the distant North,
Soon to my youthful ear came tidings forth
From Fairyland;
Where flow'rs eternal blow,
Where strength and beauty go
Linked hand in hand.

Even in my childish days,
I pored enchanted o'er its wondrous lays,
When the thick snowy fold
Lay deep on wall and hill,
I read, and felt the chill
Of wonder, not of cold."

When he resolved to dramatise some of his old favourites, his choice naturally enough fell upon 'Aladdin.' The splendour, variety, and beauty of the incidents, the artful blending of the human with the supernatural interest, the many light but effective touches of character and pathos which it exhibits, form so clear and distinct an outline for the dramatist as to leave him little to do but to fill up details, and to exhibit, somewhat more at length than in the rapid sketches of the Arabian story-teller, the feelings and reflections of the characters. Besides this he had discovered, as he thought, some fancied resemblance between Aladdin's situation and his own. He too, like the Arabian youth, had discovered in his bosom a wonderful lamp, that of Poetry; his mind had been developed in the same irregular and eccentric course; he was in love, like Aladdin; and his mother, too, like Aladdin's, had died shortly before. This analogy, remote and fanciful as it was, probably influenced his imagination, and strengthened the dramatic colouring of the tale.

The chief difficulty in the management of such subjects lies in this—that in the attempt to reduce them to the form and proportions of a European drama, the *naïveté*, the airy lightness of the original often disappear; the fairy groundwork looks too thin and gossamer for the tissue of reflection with which it is wrought up; and the result is something half childish, half philosophical, an awkward *imbroglio* of Eastern fancy and Western sentimentalism. To avoid this elaborate failure, and to give to the subject that relief which, like most Oriental drawings, the original wants; and that tinge at least of European feeling which seems necessary to interest the inhabitants of our northern regions, is the object, and one which has seldom been attained with success. Gozzi has not made the attempt at all. He has taken his fairy tales as he found them, and revelled in all the fantastic absurdities of the original, which he rather aggravates than relieves. Tieck, in his management of such subjects, either retrenches the Oriental and the marvellous altogether, as in 'Blue Beard,' and paints his characters on a background of chivalry, or renders his fable a mere vehicle for literary satire, as in 'Prince Zerbino,' the 'World turned upside Down,' and 'Puss in Boots.' Oehlenschläger has met the difficulty more fairly—the vein of reflection, the occasional satirical points or humorous touches which occur (though perhaps not strictly Oriental) are still sufficiently in harmony with the whole, while from the magical canvas on which they are delineated, the natural pathos and deep human interest of many of the incidents stand out with the same force and simplicity as in the original. There is much fine poetry in the scene where Aladdin, just at the moment when his gratitude to heaven for the blessings it had bestowed upon him is pouring itself out in prayer, is arrested by the orders of the sultan; and also in his reflections in the dungeon. The cheerfulness which at first supported him gives way before the gloom of the prison and the continued sounds of the death-watch in the wall, and he sinks by degrees into the following train of melancholy thought:—

"How dark these dungeon walls close over me!
How hollow is the rushing of the wind
Howling against the tower without! 'Tis midnight—
Midnight! And I must tremble for the dawn!
The lovely dawn which opes the eyes of men,
The leaves of flowers, to me alone is fearful;
To them it brings new life, but death to me.
[*The moon breaks through the clouds and shines into the prison.*
What gleam is that? Was it the day that broke?
Is death so nigh? Oh no—it was the moon.
What wouldst thou, treacherous, smiling apparition?
Com'st thou to tell me I am not the first
Upon whose ashy cheeks thy quiet light
Fell calmly on his farewell night of life;
To tell me that to-morrow night thy ray
Will greet my bleeding head upon the stake?
Sad moon, accursed spectre of the night!
How often hast thou, like a favouring goddess,
Shone o'er me in my loved Gulnara's arms,
While nightingales from out the dusky bowers
Vented our mute felicity in song!
I deemed thee then a kind and gentle being,
Nor deemed, as now, that in that lovely form
Could lurk such coldness or such cruelty.
Alike unruffled looks thy pallid face,
On myrtle bowers, on wheel and gallows, down.
The self-same ray, that shone above my joys,
And kissed the couch of innocence and love,
Shone on the murderer's dagger too, or glided
O'er mouldering gravestones, which, above their dead,
Lie lighter than despair upon the heart
Of those that yet are living!
Com'st thou here,
Thus to insult me in mine hour of need—
Pale angel of destruction, hence—disturb not
The peace of innocence i'the hour of death.
[*The moon is obscured with clouds.*
By heaven she flies! She sinks her pallid face
Behind her silver curtains mournfully,

Even as an innocent maiden when she droops
Her face within her robe to hide the tears
That flow for others' sorrows, not her own.
O, if my speech hath done thee wrong, fair moon,
Forgive me. O forgive me. I am wretched;
I know not what I say. Guiltless am I—
Yet, guiltless, I must yet endure and die."

The composition of 'Aladdin' seems to have confirmed the impression long lurking in Oehlenschläger's mind that he would never be a lawyer; his intended bride was of the same opinion, and to poetry he now resolved finally to turn as to his natural home. By the interest of Count Schimmelmann, he obtained from the Danish government a travelling pension, and leaving Copenhagen, set out on a tour through Germany, with the intention of visiting France and Italy before his return.

He visited Halle, Berlin, and Dresden, and made the acquaintance of most of the eminent literary men of these places. Weimar, however, was with him the chief object of attraction, though death had shortly before been busy among some of its greatest names. The clear-headed, open-hearted Herder was dead; so also was the enthusiastic and noble Schiller; but Wieland, though now on the verge of the grave, still lived to greet the Danish wanderer with his cheerful smile, and to write in his Album the touching words, "Fuimus Troës:" with Goethe he enjoyed a friendly and confidential intercourse for several months; the old Duchess Amelia invited him to her parties, and he quitted Weimar at last, loaded with kindnesses and complimentary verses.

Meantime the political horizon was darkening around him, unknown to Oehlenschläger, who never read newspapers, and was totally ignorant of the rapid progress of Napoleon's armies. They, however, in hostile guise, soon drew near. Immediately after the first balls from the French cannon began to fall into the town, Weimar was still as the grave, the shops closed, the streets were empty, the inhabitants concealed in the cellars and lower floors of the houses; the October sun shining pale and almost as faint as the moon, through the thick sulphurous smoke of the cannonade. The French marched in without resistance, "regular as rolling water," and quartered themselves through the town. When the Royalists took possession of London, our great republican poet interposed merely the shield of poetry between himself and the rude attack of military violence; he placed a sonnet above his door as a protecting spell. Oehlenschläger, who knew well that no "captain, or colonel, or knight in arms" in the French army would hesitate, upon any such ground,

"To lift his spear against the Muses' bower,"

adopted the safe expedient of joining his companions in the cellar. The landlord of the Elephant, where Oehlenschläger lived, was fortunate in the guests that fell to his share. They made free enough with his brandy and kirschwasser, enforcing their application, as Bobadil expresses it, "civilly—by the sword," but in other respects the barbarous people showed them no little kindness; they mounted guard behind the door, and when a set of bacchanalian marauders attempted to break into the house during the pillage that followed, assisted the landlord to defend his household against the intruders.

Oehlenschläger, wearied with the anxieties and fatigues of the day, had thrown himself on a sofa to sleep. The French were carousing in the room below, heedless of the moans of a young Silesian officer, who was expiring in a corner of the apartment. Suddenly the poet was awakened by a sound of cries from without; he started up—the room about him was as light as day—the city was on fire, and the sounds which had roused him from sleep were the shrieks of women and children. The flames had been kindled by some wretches to enable them to plunder with more facility and effect. Fortunately they were got under without much loss; but the plundering ceased only with the entrance of Bonaparte, by which time, in truth, there was little more to take. A rigid order was then issued against it, and "every day," says Oehlenschläger, "two or three volleys of musketry from the park announced the summary fate of those who had violated the prohibition."

(To be continued.)

Good for Nothing after Dinner.—When the congreve rockets were introduced into the navy, the admiral on the Brazil station proposed to exhibit to King Don Juan VI the effect of these formidable projectiles. His majesty consented, and the whole court were assembled in the balconies of the palace at the Rio, for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle. By some mishap, of frequent occurrence in the early history of these missiles, at the moment of firing the tube veered round, and the rocket, instead of flying over to Praia grande, took the opposite direction, and fell and exploded in the great square, almost beneath the windows of the palace. The consternation of the king was only equalled by the mortification of the admiral, who dispatched an officer on shore to explain the cause of the *contretemps*; and offering to let off another, but the terrified monarch would not hear of it. "I have a great respect," said he, "for my good allies, the English, but after dinner they are absolutely fit for nothing;" an observation which clearly indicated to what cause his majesty attributed the unfortunate result of the exhibition.

Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, az., three sinister gauntlets, or in chief a trefoil, slipped of the last, for Vane; second and third or, a bend, compony, ar. and az., between two lions, rampant, gu., for Stewart.

Crests. Of Vane: a dexter gauntlet erect, holding a sword, ppr., pommel and hilt, or. Of Stewart: a dragon statant, or.

Supporters of the family. Dexter, a Moor, wreathed about the temples, ar. and az., holding in his exterior hand a shield; of the last, garnished, or, charged with the sun in splendour, gold; sinister, a lion.

Supporters borne by the present Marquis. Two hussars of the 10th regiment, mounted upon a grey horse, and the sinister upon a bay horse, with their swords drawn and accoutred, all ppr.

Motto. "*Metuenda corolla draconis.*" "The dragon's crest is to be feared."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LONDONDERRY.

THE Londonderry family is descended from Sir William Stewart of Garlies, who is recognised also as the ancestor of the Earls of Galloway. It was from his second son, Sir Thomas Stewart of Minto, that John Stewart, Esq. of Ballylaw Castle, descended. The latter was the first of the family that settled in Ireland. A grant was made in his favour by James the First, in the county of Donegal, where he erected the castle which has been named. His eldest son, Charles, succeeded him, whose great grandson, Alexander Stewart, Esq., of Mount Stewart, county of Down, became his next successor, and by him the county of Down was represented in Parliament. He died in 1781, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Stewart, Esq., of Ballylaw Castle, county of Down. He sat in Parliament, became a member of the Privy Council, and was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, November 18, 1789, as Baron Stewart. His lordship was created Viscount Castlereagh, October 6, 1795, and Earl of Londonderry, January 22, 1816. He married, in 1766, Sarah Frances, second daughter of Francis Marquis of Hertford, by whom he had Robert Viscount Castlereagh, his successor. In 1775 he married a second time, Frances, eldest daughter of the first Earl Camden, and sister of the present Marquis, by whom he had Charles William, the present Marquis of Londonderry, and seven other children. On his death, which took place April 8, 1821, he was succeeded in the title by his eldest son, above named.

Robert, second Marquis of Londonderry, acted a most distinguished part on the stage of politics. He was born July 18, 1769. In connexion with Mr Pitt and his followers, he will be found as Lord Castlereagh and Marquis of Londonderry, actively engaged in the councils of the nation up to the time of his decease, August 12, 1822.

Few men in public life have been attacked with more bitterness than this celebrated man. His speeches in the House of Commons were certainly somewhat desultory, indifferently expressed, and occasionally involved; but notwithstanding these obvious defects, tact and power were not wanting, and he seldom resumed his seat till the point he desired to carry had been forcible pressed on his auditory. If his character as a minister is to be read, as it will be in a future age, by the events of his time, in what period of history did the world ever behold a series of such stupendous deeds, shedding glory on the British name, as illustrated those years in which he was most ostensibly connected with the councils of the empire? How many triumphs grace our arms and our policy from 1811 to 1815! The treaty of peace concluded by the Marquis of Londonderry was deservedly welcomed, as he was himself, on his re-entering the House of Commons, with transports of applause. If deathless renown belongs to Cardinal Mazarin for the treaty of Westphalia, what may not be said in honour of that pacification which has already given to Europe repose for the long space of twenty-eight years, and which, according to a report made in the American congress a few years back, with no wish to flatter England, left this nation in possession of almost all the strong places in the world which had ever been the object of contest, and which were deemed, on the other side of the Atlantic, to be equal in power to a million of men under arms?

Political hostility described him as "feeble in wisdom but potent in guile," and he was rancorously attacked as an enemy to the liberties of mankind. Party politics are excluded from these notices, but it is due to truth to state that the circumstances of the times in which he wielded the power of the State were difficult, and seemed to demand extraordinary measures. That he sought to hold the world generally in thraldom cannot be inferred from the course he took when the great military powers wished this nation to join them in an invasion of Spain. Such, he contended, was not the duty imposed upon England by friendship with them. She, he steadily argued, "had never become a member of a union formed for the government of the world, and charged with the superintendence of the interior affairs of other states." He added, with great force and dignity, in a confidential minute on the affairs of Spain, communicated to the monarchs of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France, in May, 1820:

"We shall be found in our place when actual danger menaces the system of Europe; but this country cannot, and will not, act upon abstract and speculative principles of precaution. The alliance which exists had no such purpose in view in its original formation. It was never so explained to parliament; if it had, most assuredly the sanction of parliament would never have been given to it; and it would now be a breach of faith were the ministers of the Crown to acquiesce in a construction being put upon it, or were they to suffer themselves to be betrayed into a course of measures inconsistent with those principles which they avowed at the time, and which they have since uniformly maintained both at home and abroad."

In private life he was most amiable, and in the House of Commons his matchless command of temper was universally admired. Nothing seemed capable of disturbing his serenity. His courage in various situations was most conspicuously displayed. When, as our minister, he was with the allied armies, his presence of mind was the theme of warm panegyrics. Bonaparte, after the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, by a desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes, pushed between the armies of the allies to interrupt their communications, and fall in the rear of the Austrians. A council was called at the head-quarters of the sovereigns, and a retrograde movement was proposed. Lord Castlereagh, in that critical moment, spoke in favour of a bold advance. His advice was acted upon, and Paris fell.

His mind seemed remarkably calm under circumstances that would have ruffled others. When a serious charge connected with trafficking for seats in Parliament was made, and while the House of Commons was debating on the case, he went to the Lyceum, where the Drury-lane company was then acting, to see 'Grieving's a Folly.' That his firmness should at last give way, and that he should be seen to fall by his own hand, was one of those melancholy instances of human frailty which from time to time awfully remind us how weak are the strongest of the sons of men. He and those who were most distinguished in many of the debates in which he took part, Mr Whitbread and Sir Samuel Romilly, were among the last whom it would have been supposed that labour or danger could subdue, yet all mournfully passed to the grave by suicide. The Marquis died August 12, 1822.

The present Peer was born May 18, 1778. On the death of his brother without issue, he succeeded to the title. He had served the country in the army, and had been raised to the peerage as Baron Stewart, July 1, 1814. To the titles already mentioned, his lordship adds those of Viscount Seaham and Earl Vane, with remainder to his lordship's heir male by his second marriage. He married, August 8, 1804, Catherine, youngest daughter of John third Earl of Darnley, by whom he has a son, Frederick William Robert Viscount Castlereagh, born July 7, 1805.

He again married Frances Anne, only daughter of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, by Anne Catherine Countess of Antrim in her own right, upon which occasion his Lordship assumed the additional surname and arms of Vane, by whom he has issue George Henry Robert Charles Viscount Seaham, born April 26, 1821.

The Marquis is a General in the army, Colonel of the 10th Hussars, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, a knight of several foreign orders, and *custos rotulorum* of the counties of Londonderry and Down.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A communication from the Compte Lelieur respecting strawberries was read; it stated, that, in addition to the usual distinctive characters by which strawberries are recognized, several others might be added, viz., 1, the age at which each variety, raised from a runner, bears fruit; 2, the age at which each kind arrives at the maximum of its production; 3, how many years the same plant will continue in good bearing; and 4, what varieties will bear two crops in the same season: thus, for instance, Keen's seedlings and the British Queen will, if planted in the open border after being forced, grow luxuriantly, and produce a second crop more abundant than the first; whilst the Elton, under similar treatment, throws out nothing but runners; although these three sorts, after being forced, make extraordinary growth towards the end of the season, and bear a prodigious quantity

of fine fruit for several succeeding years. Compte Lelieur was of opinion that it would be useful to select a certain number of plants of each of the best varieties after forcing, and to plant them in the open border, to ascertain which kinds will produce a second crop; and then a good plan, before turning them out of the pot, is to withhold water for a short time, in order that they might afterwards be excited into a new growth by repeated waterings. The writer also observed that the temperature of pine stoves was too warm for strawberries, when first placed in heat to bring them forward; that the flowers of these plants, particularly of those kinds which throw out abundance of foliage before blooming, should be brought on gradually. Thus, for instance, the Elton is barren, while Keen's seedling succeeds in a rather high temperature, provided the house is kept cool until the fruit is set.—Mr Pepys exhibited two lupines, one planted on the 26th of April, when weighing 2·6 grains, in soil composed (in 100 parts) of silica, 75; alumina, 15; and carbonate of lime, 10; it was then watered with 3oz. 5drs. of distilled water, and afterwards with ½oz. of the same, every day; on the 30th of July it was in a dying state, and weighed 42·5 grains. The other, planted on the 8th of May, in peat and loam, and weighing 2·6 grains, was watered in the usual way, and weighed, on the 30th of July, 192·5 grains. Both plants were grown in glass pots. The experiment was made to ascertain how far it is possible to make plants grow without those elementary substances usually considered as forming their food.—From the garden of the society were four plants of the common hydrangea, each of which had been treated in a different manner, to find out, if possible, what ingredient it was in the soil that changed the flowers from pink to blue. No. 1, treated in the usual way, was by far the most healthy plant, and bore pink flowers; 2, to which ½oz. of phosphate of iron had been administered, was evidently in an unhealthy condition, the flowers being pink, small, and having with the leaves a yellowish tint; 3, treated with ½oz. of caustic potash, bore small and pale pink flowers; while 4, to which ½oz. of alum had been given, produced blue flowers—the dose had, however, been too strong, as was shown by the weak condition of the plant and the small size of the flowers; nevertheless it proved that alum will produce the desired effect.

DOCTOR SPURGIN'S PATENT.

THE machine invented for hoisting bricks, mortar, water, or other materials employed in building, and adapted to the unloading ships and warehousing of goods, which has now been successfully brought into use, is of the form represented in the accompanying engraving.

The main part of the machine rests upon the ground (fig. A). The second part of it is a trestle, which may be placed upon the scaffolding of the bricklayers (fig. B); in the upper part of which is a wheel which corresponds perpendicularly with another wheel (fig. C), attached to the principal body of the machine, resting on the ground. The wheel C is put in motion by one or several men, who turn the handle (fig. D) by which the chain operates its rotation. The workmen attach their hods, full of materials, as at fig. B, and others detach them (fig. F), to carry them to the bricklayers. The empty hods are attached to the chain as at fig. G, and they are detached as at fig. H. The chain may be lengthened and shortened as necessary. When a story is added to the scaffolding, the trestle is placed upon the new story, and the chain lengthened as required. The figures I, K, L, are accessaries used for hoisting the materials, viz., I for the broken bricks; K for the water; and L for the pieces of stone for windows, chimneys, &c.

From what has been stated it will be seen the effect of this invention is to relieve the workman from the most toilsome part of his labour by doing away with the practice of ascending the ladder, and to prevent the accidents arising from this practice. By means of it building operations will be carried on with much greater expedition than heretofore, and it will considerably diminish the cost of such works.

The hods are fastened to the chain at the rate of three in a minute; each hod contains 16 bricks (or the same weight in other materials), equal to 48 bricks a minute, 2,880 an hour, or 28,800 in ten hours, the average of a day's work.

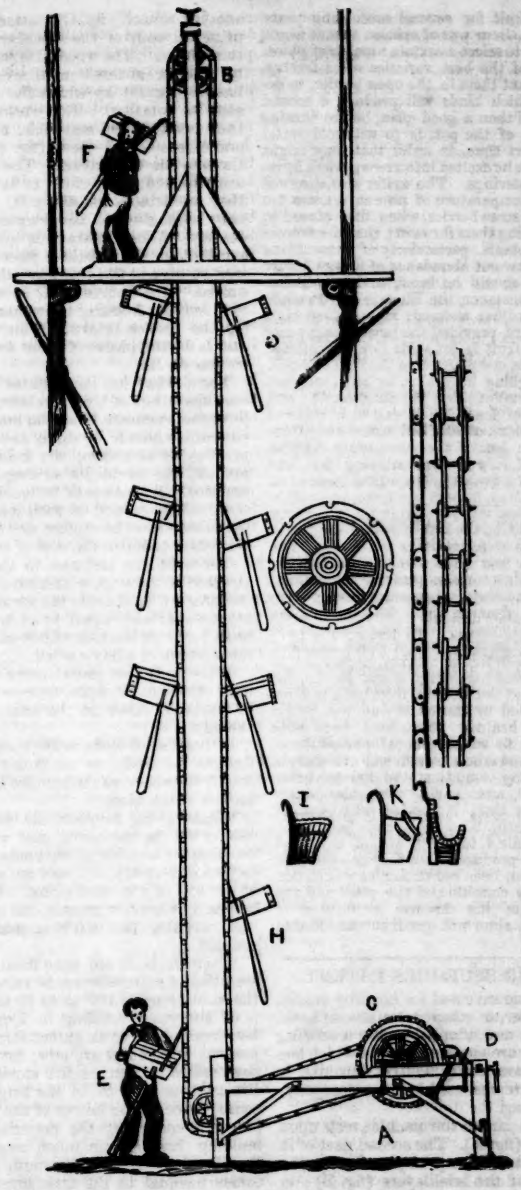
If the hods are placed more closely to each other on the chain, four can be affixed in a minute, 3,840 in the hour, 38,400 in the day.

If, instead of hods with their handles, baskets be used, the amount raised will double the above, as the handles necessarily occupy much space.

Whatever the height of the building, the results will be the same, and without increasing the number of workmen necessary to fasten the hods, &c., and unfasten them at the top of the scaffolding. Where the height, however, is greater, the number of men working the machine must be increased.

When the hods are once fixed the same quantity of materials can be raised, and in the same time, to 100 as to 10 feet.

Of late years building in England has been carried on to an extent formerly unknown; and houses are now, for the most part, raised to four or five stories, where two or three used to be the height. The consequence is, the labour of the men employed in conveying the materials for the building has become much more severe than it was, and their strength often becomes unequal to the task imposed. In such cases the value of the machine will be duly appreciated.


B
F
G
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K
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A

To explain the advantages which it offers in expediting the work of building, and diminishing the expense, it is sufficient to refer to the following:

Height.	A Minute.	An Hour.	Ten Hours.
	Bricks.	Bricks.	Bricks.
To 10 feet	90	5,400	54,000
,, 20 ,,	45	2,700	27,000
,, 30 ,,	30	1,800	18,000
,, 40 ,,	22	1,350	13,500
,, 50 ,,	18	1,080	10,800
,, 60 ,,	15	900	9,000

Mr Cubitt and Messrs Grissell and Peto have adopted the machine, and have it in use at this time, the former at Prince Albert's gate, Hyde park; the latter at the new Houses of Parliament. Other eminent contractors have also certified in favour of the invention.

Applications to be made to Mr Journet, the licensee of Dr Spurgin, the patentee, No. 2 Chester terrace, Eaton square, Pimlico.

The ladder was first adopted by Dr Spurgin for saving the lives of miners.

AMATEUR'S GARDEN FOR AUGUST.

One of the first things to be attended to now is sowing mignonette for blooming in pots through the winter and spring. It is a plant rather difficult to manage in low and damp situations. To insure success the pots must be clean, and well drained; the compost used should consist of three parts good mellow sandy loam, to which one part of decomposed leaf-mould may be added. Fill the pots quite full of soil so as not to allow much room for subsiding. The plants must not be allowed to become crowded in the pots; six plants is sufficient in a 48-sized pot. Through the winter the proper treatment is to secure them against frost—to keep the soil moderately moist, but not wet—and to give them all the air possible at favourable times. A few small plants, potted now from the open borders, will bloom in November; those sown now will succeed them in January, and a few more pots sown towards the end of the month will give a succession as long as bloom is wanted in pots in the spring.

The plants to which attention is first required in the way of propagation for another season are those of a delicate habit, and which are consequently difficult to keep through the winter. Among these may be noticed the different kinds of Nierembérgia, as N. intermédia, calycina, grácilis, and filicaulis. The first is the most delicate, and rarely to be met with in greenhouses, much less in flower-gardens; but it makes an excellent bed, and those who possess a plant will do well to propagate from it. N. calycina is also scarce, but it is not so difficult to manage as the preceding. Bouvárdia tryphilla and angustifólia or splendens,—for I believe they are both the same,—are plants which make beautiful beds in ordinary seasons, though in the present one they have by no means done well. B. angustifólia is the best both in constitution and colour of flower, but both will now strike freely in sand in a little heat, and, if gradually dried off before the winter, will make nice plants for turning out next season. Another favourite plant is Lantana Sellowi, which also requires to be propagated early, so as to get the plants well established in small pots before winter. Lotus Jacobæus, with its yellow variety, and the lovely little L. microphyllus, with its pale orange flowers, are plants which make excellent beds, but require very kind treatment in the winter; and, as an old plant which is admirably adapted for drooping over the sides of a basket or vase, or even for making an excellent bed late in the season, may be mentioned Myoporum débile; it blooms freely in the autumn, and is not readily injured by cold weather. These are all good plants, which hitherto have not been so cultivated as their merits entitle them to.

Of pelargoniums a large quantity of the scarlets should be got out as quickly as possible. The best of these for beds are Smith's emperor, the shrubland, Frogmore, Brighton hero, globe scarlet, and a prostrate-growing scarlet, which in some places is called the huntsman, but which is scarcely known in the neighbourhood of London. Ingram's and Cooper's scarlets are two dwarf kinds of good habit, the latter with a slight tinge of black in the upper petals. These are the cream of the scarlets at the present time, but there are several seedlings which will probably displace some of them next year. There are, moreover, many pencilled varieties which make good beds, and to which I shall next week allude.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

JOHN YOUNG'S CASE.

REFUSAL TO SUBMIT TO THE EXECUTIONER.

Most of the unfortunate beings whom law dooms to die, however they may confess the justice of their sentence, would gladly escape the execution of it. Those who scrupled not to take another's life, have often a great dread of laying down their own. But, notwithstanding this, very few, being convinced of the hopelessness of their case, think of attempting a struggle with the constituted authorities when the fatal day arrives. Such an effort they feel must be vain, and the pain of an additional defeat would only add to the bitterness of death.

There have, however, been some instances in which the sufferer has resisted till the last. A sad and extraordinary scene was presented in Edinburgh, December 19, 1750. A sergeant in Lord Ancram's regiment of foot had been doomed to die for vending false notes of the Royal Bank of Scotland. He bitterly repined at his fate, considering the crime not deserving of death, and that others implicated in it were more guilty than he, whose lives nevertheless were spared.

He firmly resolved not to surrender himself to the hangman. Though he had no longer a hope of pardon, as he had been sentenced to die between two and four o'clock in the afternoon, it will be seen he conceived an idea that if he could baffle the officers of justice till the latter hour had struck, his object would be gained, and they would not dare then to conduct him to the scaffold. How to get through those two important hours became the unhappy man's care. The accounts of the time thus detail what occurred on the day fixed for his punishment:—

"The magistrates appointed to witness the ceremony assembled about two o'clock at the prison door, accompanied by the proper officers, the guard, and a multitude of spectators. They, attended by two clergymen, went to the prisoner, and having read over to him the sentence, asked his objections to the same. Young answered, that he had none; but observing that the sentence appointed the execution to be performed betwixt two and four in the afternoon, that suggested a thought to him, that if he preserved his life till past four, the magistrates could not execute him. He desired leave to retire a short time with the two reverend ministers, for ghostly consolation, which being granted, he went with them to the iron room, where he had been confined since sentence; and after talking with them he begged they would allow him to spend a few minutes in private devotion; which seeming reasonable, they withdrew, and he ushered the clergymen to the outer door of his apartment, which shutting behind them, he retired to the inner room, the iron door of which he immediately bolted.

"The officers of justice, after waiting some time, surprised at his delay, endeavoured to open his door, which, to their great surprise, they found bolted: they knocked and desired him to come out. 'No,' said he, 'in this place I am resolved to defend my life to the utmost of my power.' The door was attempted to be forced, but it being of iron, in vain were the most violent endeavours used for that purpose. The lord provost was sent for. The city clock was stopped, and surprise and expectation appeared in every face. A considerable time being spent to no purpose in forcing the door, that attempt was given over, and the only possible method of getting in was found to be by breaking up the floor of the room over the prisoner, which was in about two hours effected. A passage being opened a gun was presented in order to terrify him, and compel him to open the door: this had not the desired effect; for he said, as he lived, so he desired to die, like a soldier. The man who had the gun, being a little remiss, Young, making a leap up, laid hold of the muzzle, and pulled it down, threatening to shoot the first man that dared to enter; but the gun was unloaded, which prevented such a catastrophe. Rewards were offered to such of the city guards as would seize him; and, after several refusing, one had the courage to go down, whom Young welcomed with a violent blow on the breast from the butt end of his gun, that laid him on the ground. Had Young been armed with a sword or a bayonet, it is likely the fate of the first adventurer would have stopped the attempts of the second; but he having only an empty musket, and the passage being wide, three or four more jumped in at once, and, after a violent struggle, overpowered and bound the unhappy victim; who still refusing to walk, the door was opened, and he was dragged headlong down stairs, in a most deplorable condition. When brought out he asked if it was yet four o'clock (as indeed it then was); but being answered, that he should be hanged were it past eight, he immediately composed himself to suffer that so much dreaded death. Still he refused being accessary to his own murder (as he was pleased to term it) by walking, as usual, to the place of execution; he was therefore forced into a cart, where, the hangman sitting by him holding the end of the rope, which was immediately put about his neck, he was in this manner dragged to the Grass-market, amidst thousands of amazed spectators; where again refusing to ascend the scaffold, he was carried up by the guard, and after about fifteen minutes, being near half an hour past four, and just almost dark, he was hanged by the neck till he was dead.

"The poor man had served in the army many years with reputation; was beloved by his officers, being never before convicted of the least offence."

Not the least singular part of this remarkable narrative is the incident of the city clock being stopped, as if that would save the point of law and arrest the march of time.

Tight Lacing.—A learned Doctor, referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow up to be women.

Reviews.

Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford. Vol. II.

In the letters contained in this volume we find but moderate entertainment. They offer a good deal that every one knows, and not a little of what few would care to know. Meanness and corruption in connexion with state affairs are unfortunately neither novel nor obsolete. The manner in which Irish business was transacted in the last century will perhaps be read with some interest, it being borne in mind that at the time referred to, eighty or ninety years ago, Ireland had that blessing of all blessings, a parliament of her own:

"May 24.—As things are circumstanced business may be easily carried on next sessions; but the leading people must have *douceurs*, a great many of which I must at a proper time lay before his Majesty, by these means he may do what he pleases with that country. The Princess of Hesse may have her pension of 5,000*l.*; but other things of the like nature must be given in Ireland. Pensions to the amount of above 5,000*l.* per annum have been extinguished since my going to Ireland. * * *

"To propose the following persons to be made peers:—The Chancellor, if his Majesty shall please to make an augmentation of 500*l.* per annum to his salary, to be created a Baron.[1]—Sir Arthur Gore, a Viscount.[2]—Sir Maurice Crosbie, a Baron.[3]—John Lysaght Sen, a Baron.[4]—William Annesley, Esq., a Baron.[5]—James Stopford, Esq., a Baron.[6] (Agreed to.)—Lord Viscount Castlecomer, to be made an Earl.[7]—Lord Tullamore to be made an Earl.[8] (Not the present family.)—Lady Athenry to be made a Countess.[9] (Agreed to.)—Likewise Mr Cole[10] and Mr Mason's[11] request to be made Barons. (Not at present.)—And Lord Rusborough to be made a Viscount.[12] (Not agreed to.) * *

"The following persons to have pensions during pleasure, for the sums set against their respective names:—

	£.
Countess of Drogheda . . .	200
Mrs Gore and her daughters . .	200
Guy More, Esq.	200
John Blennerhassett, Esq. . .	200
James Hussey, Esq. . . .	200
The Hon. Mrs. Walsingham . .	200
Hon. William Molesworth and Anne his wife, in addition to their pension	100

The following anecdote reflects great honour upon Lord Temple. It shows that he made a determined effort to save an unquestionably brave man from being unjustly sacrificed:

"I cannot forbear telling you Lord Temple pressed him some days ago very strongly for a pardon for Mr Byng; his Majesty persevered, and told his lordship flatly he thought him guilty of cowardice in the action, and therefore could not break his word they had forced him to give to his people—to pardon no delinquents. His lordship walked up to his nose, and, *sans autre cérémonie*, said, What shall you think if he dies courageously? His Majesty stifled his anger, and made him no reply. I think I never heard of such insolence."

The robbery of Mrs Hodges is so extraordinary that we know not how to believe it. Townsend, the Bow-street officer, used to suppose that many of the alleged daring robberies were committed in a very quiet way by the loose companions of those who complained of having been despoiled. We know nothing against the character of the lady just mentioned, but if she had been open to suspicion we know what many would have surmised from a story like the following:

"Though it is eleven o'clock, I must tell you of the most curious of all robberies that was committed last night. A Mrs Hodges, of Hanover square, got into her coach at the playhouse, and from under the seat of the coach, as it was going along, up jumps a thief, and with a pistol in his hand demands her money and jewels, and orders her, upon pain of instant death, to stop her coach at a certain place and let him out, and wish him good night, all which she complied with, and he carried off a thousand pounds' worth of her jewels."

(1) Created Baron Bowes of Clonlyon.

(2) Member of parliament for the borough Donegal, created Baron Saunders and Viscount Sudley of Castle Gore, in the county of Mayo, and in 1762, Earl of Arran, in the county of Galway, on the recommendation of the Earl of Kildare.

(3) Member for the county of Kerry, created Baron of Branden, county of Kerry; on the recommendation of the Earl of Shannon.

(4) Member for the borough of Charleville, created Baron Lisle of Mountnorth.

(5) Member for the borough of Middleton, created Baron Annesley of Castle Wellan.

(6) Member for the borough of Lethard, created Baron of Courtown, county of Wexford.

(7) John Wandesford, Viscount Castlecomer, created Earl of Wandesford.

(8) Charles Moore, second Lord Tullamore, advanced to the dignity of Earl of Charleville.

(9) Dowager Baroness, created Countess of Brandon, county of Kilkenny.

(10) John Cole, Esq., member for Inniskillen. In the Duke's private Diary this note: "Mr Cole, member for I., was with me to lay in his pretensions for the title of Ranelagh, which he said was promised to be recommended to the King by the Duke of Devonshire." "I gave no promise but to lay his pretensions before the King,"—created in 1760, Baron Mount Florence of Fermanagh.

(11) Most probably Aland Mason, Esq., member for the county of Waterford.

(12) Joseph Leeson, First Earl of Miltown; advanced to the Viscounty of Rusborough, 1760.

Miscellaneous.

Mr Carson's Patent Salting Machine.—This is one of the simplest and, perhaps, the most useful little invention that has for years come within our observation. The instrument is only 10½ inches in length, and 3½ in breadth, and is capable

of salting a round of beef in ten minutes. It also possesses one great advantage over all other means of salting meat—that of regulating the degree of saltness, and adapting it to the palate of the curer. There is no doubt, judging from the utility and extreme simplicity of Mr Carson's instrument, that it will be adopted by householders in general, and be considered invaluable by farmers who cure provisions, butchers, innkeepers, emigrants, and particularly residents in tropical climates.

THE DEAD JUDGED.—The Egyptians passed solemn judgment on their dead. The assembly of the judges met on the side of a lake, which they crossed in a boat; he who sat at the helm was called, in the Egyptian language, *Charon;* hence the Greek mythological fiction of that redoubted personage. They only permitted the rites of burial after a scrutinizing examination into the character of the deceased. On those who were deemed worthy of interment by the judges of the State, panegyrics were pronounced, which referred to their personal merit; and afterwards the people besought the Gods to receive them into the assembly of the Just, and to admit them to partake of everlasting felicity. From this scrutiny not even kings were exempt; and this portion of the custom was imitated by the Israelites, as we read in Scripture that bad sovereigns were not interred in the monuments of their ancestors.—*Fry.*

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "LAST JUDGMENT."—It is a remarkable fact in the history of the picture, that it narrowly escaped destruction in the lifetime of the great artist. Paul IV took offence at the nudity of the figures, and wished the whole to be destroyed. On hearing of the Pope's objection, Michael Angelo said, "Tell the Pope that this is but a small affair, and easily to be remedied; let him reform the world, and the pictures will reform themselves." The Pope, however, employed Daniele da Volterra to cover the most prominent figures with drapery, an office which procured for him the epithet *Brachettone,* or the breeches-maker. Michael Angelo submitted to the Pope's will, but revenged himself on Messer Biagio, of Siena, the master of the ceremonies, who first suggested the indelicacy of the figures. He introduced him in the right angle of the picture, standing in hell, as Midas, with ass's ears, and his body surrounded by a serpent. Biagio complained to the Pope, who requested that it might be altered: but M. Angelo declared that it was impossible; for though his holiness was able to effect his release from purgatory, he had no power over hell. In the last century, Clement XII, thought that the process of Daniele da Volterra had not been carried far enough, and in his fastidious scruples did serious injury to the painting by employing Stephano Pozzi to add a more general covering to the figures. We see it, therefore, under many disadvantages; the damp of two centuries and a half, the smoke of the candles and incense, and the neglect which it has evidently experienced, have obscured its effect, and impaired the brightness of its original colouring. The accidental explosion of the powder magazine in the Castle of St Angelo, in 1797, which shook the buildings to their foundations, is said to have seriously injured all the frescos in the Vatican.

The Gatherer.

The New Houses of Parliament.—The Commissioners have issued a public invitation to artists, in various departments, to send in specimens of works that may aid in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament—statues in bronze and marble of British Sovereigns and other illustrious personages—stained glass windows, with figures or heraldic devices relating to the Royal Families of England—carved wood, consisting of designs for doors and panels—specimens of fresco painting, and of paintings executed in any other method free from a shining surface—arabesque paintings, and heraldic decorations in gold and colour, the designs to be executed in water colour, tempera, oil, or encaustic—ornamental metal work for screens, railings, grates, and ornamental pavements. The whole to be delivered by the first week in March next year.

Uncommonly Thin.—When the Duke de Choiseul, a remarkable meagre man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townshend being asked whether the French Government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered "he did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador."

Flattering Preference.—Two natives of the Marquesas Islands have been carried to France. The story runs, that on the voyage one of their fellow passengers asked them which they liked best, the French or the English? "The English," answered the man, smacking his lips, "they are the FATTEST." "And a great deal more TENDER," chimed in the woman, with a grin that exhibited two rows of pointed teeth, as sharp as a crocodile's.

Sharp work for the Clergy.—A document drawn up at the Council of Elvira, A.D. 305, article 28, prohibits bishops receiving any emoluments or free-will offerings from those who are not members of the church. Art. 48 prohibits those who are baptized from putting money into the basin, lest it should be supposed that the priests had received pay for that which ought to have been done gratuitously.

Consoling—Very!—The directors of the new railway of Frankfort-on-the-Oder have resolved to keep at every station a quantity of bandages and medicines, in order that in case of accident relief may be promptly given.

Cast-iron Buildings.—Letters from M. Gutzlaff state that the art of constructing buildings in cast-iron has been known for centuries in China. He has found a pagoda entirely composed of cast-iron. It is covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, which, from their forms, characters, and dates, show that they are as old as the dynasty of Tang, which was upon the throne as far back as from the fifth to the tenth century of the Christian era. It is in the shape of an octagonal pyramid, is forty feet in height, and eight feet in diameter at the base. It has seven stories, each containing extremely curious historical pictures. M. Gutzlaff represents this monument as being strikingly elegant, and surpassing in this respect everything of the kind he had previously seen in China.

A Widow's Duty.—The Carriers of New Caledonia, like the people of Hindostan, used till lately to burn their dead; a ceremony in which the widow of the deceased, though not sacrificed as in the latter country, was compelled to continue beating with her hands upon the breast of the corpse while it slowly consumed on the funeral pile, in which cruel duty she was often severely scorched.—*Simpson.*

Mexican Tennis.—The Mexicans had one singular law in their play with the ball. In the walls of the court where they played, certain stones like millstones were fixed, with a hole in the middle just large enough to let the ball pass through, and whoever drove it through won the cloak of the lookers on. They therefore took to their heels to save their cloaks, and others pursued to catch them, which was a new sort of amusement.—*Omniana.*

Louis Philippe's Collection of Portraits.—The catalogue of the engravings in the Royal Library, Paris, made out to the 1st January, 1841, contains 1,895 by Rembrandt, and 2,498 by Callot. The portraits, from the earliest period down to that of the Count de Paris, amount to 90,565. Of Henri IV there are 300 portraits; of Napoleon, 433; and of Louis XIV, 531.

Paris Theatricals.—There were produced in 1842, at the different theatres of Paris, 191 new pieces.

Anecdote.—Cardinal Mazarin was dictating one day a letter to his secretary. The latter, overcome with incessant work, fell asleep, and the cardinal continued dictating, while pacing up and down his study; when he had come to the conclusion he turned towards his secretary saying, "End as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter only were written. The cardinal was very partial to the secretary, and treated him as a father. To awake him, he gave him a box on the ear; the secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The cardinal, without showing the least emotion, said coolly, "Now, sir, as we we are both wide awake, let us proceed with our letter."

A Hard Cough.—A friend having visited Curran one morning, and perceived that he coughed with difficulty, told him so, on which Curran said, "It is strange that I should, for I have been practising all night."

A Hissed Actor.—The French Revolution affords illustration of the worst human passions. When the wretched Collot d'Herbois was tossed up in the storm to the summit of power, he projected razing the city of Lyons, and massacring its inhabitants—he had even the heart to commence and continue this conspiracy against human nature: the ostensible crime was royalism, but the secret motive is said to have been personal vengeance. A wretched actor, d'Herbois had been hissed off the theatre at Lyons, and to avenge that ignominy he had meditated over this monstrous crime.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ναυιας.—*Our remarks in a former number had reference but to one other language. We think* Ναυιας *must have forgotten himself when he said that "with some the same difference prevails." Never has the word* λόγος, *or* ἐγὼ, *intentionally been pronounced long. It is a mistake not to be committed by any person who has gone through the 'Accidence.' Where the distinction in the quantity of syllables is so very marked, as it is in the Greek (which, of all languages, is the most accurate), it must necessarily be preserved.* Ναυιας, *if he wishes to preserve a reputation for scholarship, ought to look over the alphabet before he again ventures to write Greek, for* Σγο *(as his letter has it) will nowhere pass current for* Ἐγὼ.

A. A.—To silver Brass, &c.—Clean the article to be silvered by scouring it with a small quantity of very fine sand mixed with a little diluted nitric acid. Wash the whole off with clean water. Prepare the following powder:—Dissolve silver in nitric acid; when dissolved, put some pieces of copper into the solution, the silver will be precipitated in a metallic powder. Take 20 grains of this powder, and mix it with acidulous tartrite of potash and common salt, each two drachms, and half a drachm of alum. When you use the powder, moisten it, and rub it for a short period on the cleaned surface of the metal. This will coat it with silver. It may afterwards be polished with leather.

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